

The SKY PIRATE

By Garrett P. Serviss
Illustrated by Parker.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Capt. Alfonso Payton, the sky pirate, kidnaps Helen Grayman, New York's richest girl, and carries her away in his airship, the Chameleon. He poses as a commodore Brown.

She thinks her abduction is a practical joke. Payton takes her to his lodge in a Labrador wilderness. William Grayman, her father, secretly summons the police.

By wireless telephone Payton demands \$10,000,000 ransom from Grayman, who agrees to meet him at Tribes Hill with the money. Grayman plans to trap the pirate.

Helen and her maid are well cared for by Payton, but are closely guarded by Indian John, Helen suspects that they are prisoners.

One afternoon Payton captures four police airplanes sent to trap him and kills several policemen before Grayman reaches the scene.

Grayman and police commissioner Braman reach Tribes Hill. Payton kidnaps Grayman, who again promises to pay the ransom.

Payton takes Grayman home. Helen receives a forged letter from her father, which reassures her. She replies to her father's letter.

Grayman fears Helen will fall in love with Payton, the Secretary of the government, and assigns Lieutenant Allan the task of locating Payton's lodge.

While Allan does by receiving wireless messages from Payton at New York and Buffalo with the aid of geometry and his new invention.

Allan, Grayman and Grantham start for Payton's lodge with five war airplanes. Helen, learning that she has been kidnapped, escapes, but is captured.

CHAPTER XIV.

A NIGHT ATTACK AND AN EXCITING CHASE

THE Eagle had resumed her position on the opposite side of the little lake from the lodge and directly facing the entrance of the latter. I could see the dim forms of the other aeroplanes silently waiting in their places and no light showing about them. The Eagle from her position was the only one that might be seen from the lodge, but, covered by the shadows of the tall trees, the tops of many of which rose above us, I was confident that we would not be noticed as long as we did not move.

Now we held a consultation in whispers. Occasionally we caught glimpses of forms moving in the building. They had taken no pains to close the shutters, and we could see three men who passed at irregular intervals before the windows.

"If I knew which was the pirate I would direct you to shoot him down from here," said the secretary, "but we might make a mistake."

Suddenly Ethan Haight, who, in his eagerness, had ventured to leave his gun and approach us, touched me on the arm.

"There's the Chameleon, lieutenant!" he said, pointing.

It was a fact. Faintly visible in the gloom, her form revealed by the light from behind, the famous aeroplaner lay on her cradle at the shore of the lake.

Ethan touched me again.

"Say the word, lieutenant, and I'll send a shell into her till she'll put her out of commission. Then how do you go to it?"

It seemed a good idea, but I felt bound to consult Mr. Grantham.

"It might be the best thing to do," he said, "if you were sure of hitting a vital spot. But in the darkness I'm doubtful of that."

"It's a risky shot, sir," put in Ethan, "but if you'll let me try it I'll bet a Connecticut cigar that the Chameleon'll not fly again for awhile."

But Mr. Grantham shook his head.

"A better way," he whispered, "would be to drop silently down across the lake and seize her where she lies."

"But they would see us approach."

"Suppose they do. We could get there ahead of them, and at a signal the other aeroplanes would be upon them."

After a little further whispering we finally settled upon this plan against my better judgment and greatly to the disappointment of Ethan Haight, who went off grumbling. As it turned out, Ethan's idea was the best.

In dead silence I got the men all ready for a rush the moment we should reach the side of the Chameleon, and then, rising a little to clear the shafts of light from the windows, we began cautiously to cross the lake.

We were about halfway across and had dropped nearer the water and I was congratulating myself on our prospective success when a flash like blue lightning came from the Chameleon, followed by the loud whish of an electric gun, which blended with a sharp splintering report as a shell struck the Eagle.

We were upset by the shock, and the Eagle veered from her course, her nose shooting up in the air, while one of her aeroplanes dipped and swept the water like a broken wing. In an instant another shell came, which also struck us, ripping up a part of the deck and narrowly missing her motors.

We were the surprised party and surprised with a vengeance. Payton, as we afterward learned, always had a crew aboard the Chameleon, and even when they were in their "home port" they did not altogether relax their vigilance.

Luckily nobody aboard us was hit, but the damage done was sufficient to render the Eagle virtually unmanageable.

The noise produced an immediate effect upon the people in the lodge. There were the sounds of running to and fro, doors were slammed, agonized screams reached our ears, and in an incredibly brief time we saw three men dragging two women down the

short path from the building to the Chameleon.

"For God's sake," cried the secretary, "do something quick! Payton is running away with his prisoners."

But we were powerless to interfere, the Eagle hovering and dipping like a wounded bird over the lake and refusing to answer her helm. We could not even return the fire, for neither of our guns could be brought to bear, and if they could have been we might have killed the prisoners as they were carried aboard.

I managed to signal the other aeroplanes to close in. I doubt if they noticed the signals, but they endeavored to close just the same. I saw the blue flashes from two or three of their guns as they swept down over the trees to the lake, but the shells exploded in the forest beyond, and a minute later the Chameleon rose like a frightened hawk in short, swift spirals, making straight up into the darkening heavens.

The Skylark, which I recognized by her rig, darted after her, and I saw several shots fired, but evidently without effect, and the Chameleon, suddenly changing her ascent to a horizontal course, rushed away with amazing speed, while the Skylark continued to chase her. The other three moved confusedly about, and I shouted to the Osprey to drop down by us.

"Here," I said to Lieutenant Osborn, her commander, "take charge of the Eagle and beach her. I'll take the Osprey with my crew, and you can transfer yours to the Eagle. Quick, now!"

The transfer was effected in less than five minutes, and immediately I rose out of the shadow of the trees, commanding the Crow and the Bobolink to follow me at full speed. Mr. Grayman and the secretary, of course, accompanied me aboard the Osprey. It was a desperate move, but the only thing to be done, as the Eagle had become utterly unmanageable.

When we had attained a considerable elevation we caught sight of the chase far off to the north, the heavens yet retaining a twilight glow. The Skylark was far in the rear, but keeping nobly at her work and occasionally firing a gun, to which there was no response.

The revenue fliers were all built on the same general plan, so that I ran no risk of confusion or uncertainty for my men in transferring them. I wanted my own crew because I knew every man of them like a book, and particularly I wanted Ethan and the engineer. I should have liked to give Ethan his own gun, but, of course, when every second was precious, no transfer of armament could be thought of. As soon as the chase was located I ordered top speed and then took Mr. Grayman and the secretary into the cabin for a consultation. They were greatly cast down by the unfortunate turn that the affair had taken, particularly the billionaire, who fairly groaned:

"He's run off with Helen, and now he'll kill her. Oh, why did we undertake this?"

Mr. Grantham evidently felt that the responsibility rested on him, and he showed no disposition to shrink it. Neither was he altogether discouraged, and he started to inspire his friend.

"Gentlemen," I said respectfully, "pardon me for saying that we have no time now for talk of this kind. It is not for that that I invited you into the cabin. Mr. Grantham, you have done me the honor to put me in command. If I am to succeed from this time forth I must be unhampered. I wanted to ask you, Mr. Secretary, if you would be willing to leave me in absolute control. I have hitherto felt that I ought to consult you in critical moments. I do not want to do that in the future. Our only chance is in having a single responsible commander and no divided counsels."

"You are entirely right," exclaimed the secretary. "I believe it's my fault that Payton got off. From this moment you are in absolute control. I'll simply be a spectator."

Mr. Grayman said nothing, and I was greatly gratified.

I went immediately on deck, the others following. I was delighted to perceive that the Chameleon was still visible, though dim in the distance, with the Skylark doggedly churning after her and yet firing from time to time. Close behind us rushed the Crow and the Bobolink. I visited the engineer.

"Jim, do you know the Osprey's motors?" I asked.

"I've been aboard her often," he said, "and I know her whole make-up pretty well."

"What is her best speed?"

"Jack"—the regular engineer of the Osprey—"often told me he had made 130 miles."

"See if you can't work it up to a hundred and forty."

"I don't believe it's possible," replied Jim, "but I'll bust her if you say so."

"I don't say 'bust her,' but I say see what is the very best that's in her."

"Oh, if I only had the Eagle!" he responded.

"No use wishing for what you can't have. Now go at it and make her spin."

(To Be Continued.)

ADS BY PHONE.

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Las Cruces and the Mesilla Valley

DONA ANA HAS NO FUNDS FOR ROADS

Doctor Compelled to Pay For Repair of Bridge.

Las Cruces, N. M., July 31.—While Dr. Fields was driving to his ranch northwest of town his horse stepped into a hole in a bridge over one of the irrigating ditches. The doctor was able to get the horse out without any serious injury to the animal, but the repeated occurrence of this trouble, especially on night drives, caused a protest to be made to the road supervisor.

There being no available funds in the county treasury for the repair of these bridges the supervisor refused to look after the matter unless assured of the payment of the bill, and Dr. Fields stood personally responsible for the material and labor.

SUNFLOWERS RAISED IN MESILLA VALLEY

Newest Crop Raised for Poultry Feed Proves Profitable.

Las Cruces, N. M., July 31.—A new industry in the Mesilla valley is the raising of sunflowers for market. On the ranch of L. E. Ruhl, about three miles north of town, can be seen a large plot of sunflowers that have grown to such a magnificent size as to put the Kansas product to shame. The seed of the sunflower has been recognized as a valuable poultry food, and especially where the flower was a natural growth it was frequently cut down and thrown in the chicken yard, but it has remained for Mr. Ruhl to force the profits of growing the plant as a commercial product, and the sale of the seed will pay well.

MAKES COLLECTION OF VALLEY FRUITS

Las Cruces, N. M., July 31.—W. L. Wollett, of the Elephant Butte Land and Trust company, is making a collection of prize fruits and vegetables grown in the valley, for exhibition purposes. Several of the local real estate dealers have signified their desire to cooperate with the local booster organization in perfecting a plan for a permanent agricultural exhibit.

LITTLE BOBBIE'S PA

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

CARLILE was a grand old fellow. He had a Ma last night. Pa was reading Carlile and I was reading the sporting page & Ma was reading the fashion page.

He must have been if you say so, said Ma. Who did he ever like?

He was a writer, said Pa, one of the grandest writers that ever lived. You can take it from me, said Pa, he told a lot of peepul where to go. He wrote a book called Sartor Resartus. It told everything there is to tell about tailoring, Pa said.

That makes me think, said Ma. I must go all the way down to Long Island today & see the Freedman. They talk all my tailored suits, & I have the juviliest new suit you ever saw.

Hevings, said Pa. I sent there anything I can say that will git your mind

off of clothes? If I say anything about meeting Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, you say something about a new style hat that the Philadelphia Fluff. If I say anything about the racing bill being almost passed, you say something about a new dress called the Racing Riot.

Well, said Ma, stop heading & tell me what you know about Mister Carlile.

He was a great old guy, said Pa. He was a sinnick. He didn't like wimmen for one thing, said Pa. You deant tell me, said Ma. I do tell you, said Pa. He was a sinnick & he didn't like wimmen.

Goodness, said Ma. I'll let her was

in the days that Mister Carlile lived, said Ma. I wud like to have git into a stage coach & looked at his sour old whiskered face & stepped on his feet so he wud git up & give me his suit. Shinnick! said Ma. I'll bet he was the kind of a sinnick that would go hoam at nite & beat his wife. That is a quaint old custom that obtains in the country where he lived, Ma said. But it has sort of died out over here, since wimmen learned there's rights & there lefts.

He wasent as bad as all that, said Pa. He was a really deep thinker, Pa said. Here is sum of his filosofy. If I had a dog that was snappy & snarly I wud know that in sum preevus in-carnashun he was a lady. If that snappy & snarly dog came fawning around me & made me think I was a grate guy, I wud know that in sum preevus in-carnashun it had been married twice.

Filosophers in general, said Pa, have had litle use for the curia, bless them! Bless who, said Ma, gitting oaver close to Pa, bless who, the gurls or the filosofers?

Bless the gurls, said Pa, moving away a litle.

VALENTINE CROPS SHOWING UP WELL

Valentine, Texas, July 31.—R. L. Means, of the Double Wells ranch, is growing mammoth sunflowers. One head brought to town this week measured 33 inches in circumference and 11 inches in diameter.

S. R. Tellous has in a fine crop of corn, cane, maize and kaffir corn, as well as an abundant supply of garden truck on his farm, four miles from Valentine. All were grown without irrigation.

Powell Wilkins, superintendent of the Walters farm, is having his hay crop harvested.

George Newton has a force employed baling hay on his ranch.

R. D. McAnelly is adding two rooms to his residence on Main street.

R. B. Cummins has purchased the 500 head of cattle which were being pastured by R. R. Youngblood on his Valentine ranch, four miles from Valentine. These cattle were owned by the First National bank of El Paso.

Elmer Jones had his foot painfully mashed by a horse falling on it.

Otis Means sustained several cuts about his head and a broken bone in the wrist as the result of a horse falling with him.

J. M. Stroud has sold his ranch in the Holland range to Mr. Bufford, of Alpine. Mr. Stroud has purchased a 160-acre alfalfa farm near Los Angeles, Cal., where he will make his future home.

J. B. Daugherty, day pumper for the G. H. & S. A., has moved from "Somerset" cottage into the house furnished him by the railroad company.

John E. Lockhart and family of Chihuahua, are on their way east for a three months' trip.

Call Bell 115, Auto 1115, tell what you want. The Herald boy will collect the next day.

DONA ANA MESA VALUABLE LAND

Contract Is Made for Sale of Great Acreage There.

Las Cruces, N. M., July 31.—The contract for sale of 25,000 acres of mesa land by a local land agent last week marks a new departure in the fruit culture of the valley, as it is the intention of the purchaser of this tract to engage in the orchard business.

Experiments on the mesa have along the Mesilla valley have already demonstrated the advantages of this soil and elevation for fruit, the frosts do not kill the leaves for at least 30 days after the trees in the valley are bare, and in the spring the trees on the high land are at least two weeks ahead of the trees in the valley.

Between Mesilla Park and the Texas state line there are hundreds of acres of this mesa land open for homestead and desert land entry. This land may come within the Elephant Butte project by taking water from the high line canal.

CRUCES FARMER IS RAISING FINE OATS

D. F. Baker Raises a Fine Crop on His Land There.

Las Cruces, N. M., July 31.—The record crop of oats produced on D. F. Baker's place will cause many of the valley farmers to follow his lead next season.

On harvesting the oat crop the yield was over 30 bushels to the acre, and the grains were more perfect and better developed than the seed.

The local demand for oats at the present time is small and the farmers have not given this crop very much attention, but the result of this test shows that the Mesilla valley can produce oats to compete with other sections where the crops depend on rainfall.

LAS CRUCES DANCE PROVES BIG SUCCESS

Las Cruces, N. M., July 31.—The dance at the armory given by the young men of town proved a greater success than expected. There was very large crowd in attendance, and the music was of the best.

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TOMBSTONE RECORD FOR DIVORCE SUITS

Leads Territory—Tax Rate to Be Lowered—School Increase.

Tombstone, Ariz., July 31.—Sixty divorce cases have been filed with the clerk of the district court in this city since January 1, this year. If the present rate keeps up, Cochise county, besides being the banner mining and agricultural subdivision of the territory, will also be the standard bearer of Arizona's divorce courts.

From all appearances it is expected that the tax rate of Cochise county for this year will be \$2.50, which is 25 cents less than that of the previous year. This is due to the fact that the assessed valuation of the county has been increased nearly \$1,000,000 over last year. Furthermore, during the year 1910, the county census lists buildings upon the county poor farm at Douglas, besides building several new jails in various towns.

Since the first of the year Gov. Richard E. Sloan has appointed in Cochise county 23 notaries public, the majority residing at Bisbee, Douglas and Tombstone.

Deputy county treasurer Frank Demarest was married at Santa Barbara, California, this week to Miss Lillian Buck, one of Tombstone's popular school teachers.

The public school census of Cochise county has been completed and shows an increase of 114 pupils over last year. The entire county census lists up 7873 school children, of which Tombstone reports a total of 356—boys, 200, and girls, 156. There are 88 school districts in the county.

It is reported here that the government has decided to make Fort Huachuca a military post of the southwest, and that the sum of \$138,000 will be expended for improvements.

The latest Cochise county prisoner to be paroled from the territorial penitentiary at Florence is Pablo Soto, who was convicted at Tombstone several years ago for criminal assault and sentenced to serve 10 years.

Col. W. C. Greene, the Cananea copper king, has made a defendant in a suit filed against the Sierra Madre Lumber company for debt, alleged to be due on a note issued by Mr. Greene in the sum of \$2668.50.

At the present time 16 prisoners are confined in the county jail in this city, the majority of whom are held for the grand jury, which meets here early in October.

Alexander Murry, a lawyer of Bisbee, was married in this city to Miss Margaret Whiting, a nurse at the Copper Queen hospital at Lowell.

According to the annual report of superintendent Rynning, received here by the sheriff's office, there are at present confined in the territorial prison 423 inmates, of which number five are reported by occupation to be editors.

County auditor Vaughn is checking up the records in the various offices of the county officials and expects to be through in about two weeks.

The next hearing for naturalization papers in the federal court of this district has been fixed by federal judge R. M. Doan for the second Monday in December, at which time about 20 applicants will appear for their final papers.

MOB SEEKS TO AVENGE CHILD STRUCK BY CAR

New York, N. Y., July 31.—Thirteen-year-old Morris Goldberg, weakened by a "sweat days" fast, was run over by a trolley car in front of his home.

Two thousand persons thereupon stormed the mob, captured the motor man and conductor, laid them on the tracks and were about to run the car over them when a lone policeman seized the ringleader. Reserves then dispersed the mob. It was ascertained later that the entire Goldberg family of nine were in a starving condition.

WHAT EVER ELSE YOU DO

To try to sell any used articles you may have to sell, don't fail to place a "want" ad in The Herald.

Household articles, livestock, old fence, chickens, anything salable finds interested parties when advertised in The Herald "want" ads.

Ask for the "want" department of The Herald by phone, at the counter, or call for messenger, Bell phone 116; Auto phone, 1115.

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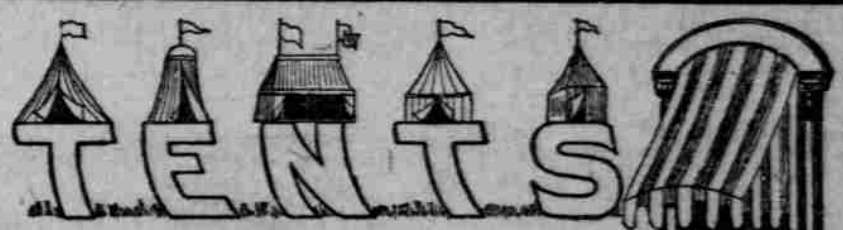
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DALHART HAS BASEBALL AND A GOOD SOAKING RAIN.

Dalhart, Texas, July 31.—The Masons and Elks played a game of ball for the benefit of the cemetery fund. It resulted in a score of 13 to 18 in favor of the Elks.

Dalhart has had one of the finest all night rains of the season, benefiting crops of all kinds. Dallam county has the largest crops of maize this season in its history and it is practically made. Sorghum and kaffir are looking exceptionally fine. Cantaloupes and water melons will be on the market soon.

Locomotive engineer Dick Green, of the Rock Island road, has secured patent on a safety lamp which is attracting much attention from railroad and automobile manufacturers. The lamp is arranged to put on the rear of trains, engines or autos, so that when moving the green or safety, shows out distinctly and when not in motion red is displayed as a danger signal.

George Loewenstein, of Chihuahua, is spending the week here and at Cloudcroft.